

Daily Evening Herald

AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

No. 14.

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835.

Vol. I.

Plumber, Copper Smith, Tin & Sheet Iron Manufactory.

JOHN N. YOUNG would respectfully inform the citizens of St. Louis, and the public in general, that he continues the above business at the stand recently occupied by LAWSON & YOUNG, No. 13, Main street; where he intends keeping a large supply of the best manufactured Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Wares; such as Stills, Steamboat Pipes, Copper and Lead, Hatter's kettles, Well Pumps, Beer Pumps, Soda Fountains, or any other article in the copper line. Also, all the necessary apparatus for steam Distilleries and steam boat work done on the shortest notice.

June 5.

Hat and Cap Warehouse.

THE subscriber has on hand an extensive assortment of HATS, CAPS, &c., which are offered at the lowest market prices. Purchasers are invited to call and examine before purchasing.

June 6 '2

MOSES POWERS.

DOCTOR GILBERT'S TONIC PILLS.

For the cure of Fever and Ague; an article that is warranted in all Cases to perform Specific and Lasting Cures.

THIS is a medicine of recent introduction, and the success that has hitherto attended its use is beyond description. Persons who have labored under the most inveterate cases of intermittent fever, and who have tried all the remedies and skill they could procure without any lasting benefit, have been in a few days perfectly and permanently cured by the use of one package of the Tonic Pills. Of this fact hundreds of certificates could be produced, but this seemed unnecessary as a trial of the article is always the best evidence.

They are not offered to the public as a nostrum, but as the prescription of an ancient physician who has devoted a long life to the study and treatment of diseases, and especially those of a febrile character.

Intermittents being of the same general nature, do not require that variation in a medical course which is necessary in most diseases, and hence a prescription on general principles, adapted to the nature of the malady, may be resorted to with the most perfect success in every specific.

The proprietor of the Tonic Pills would observe, that he does not offer them to the public as a remedy for all diseases, but experience of many years fully justifies him in the belief that in all cases of Fever and Ague they will effect a permanent cure.

The subscribers are General Agents for Missouri and Illinois, and will wholesale and retail the Tonic Pills at the manufacturer's prices.

They wish to deposit them, on agency, in all the principal towns through this and the adjoining State. Persons who feel disposed to receive them on favorable terms, will please call, or address

J. H. & M. Y. JOHNSON, Druggists, St. Louis, Mo.

STIBBS' UPHOLSTERY AND PAPER HANGING ESTABLISHMENT, AND VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTORY.

85 Main street, corner Locust.

J. T. STIBBS, will receive orders at the above premises for Papering Rooms, making Window Curtains, Draperies and Bed Hangings, and remaking old ones. He will also make and fit Carpets of all description to rooms, halls and stair cases; lay down Floor Cloths and India Matting; make Mattresses, Featherbeds, Straw Palliasses, church and chair Cushions of moss and hair; trim church Pews and Churches in any style, stuff or repair Chairs and Sofas, and do all work belonging to his business for Steamboats, Hotels or otherwise, in town or country.

New Cabinet Manufactory.

THE subscriber, having established himself in this city, has commenced the manufacture of Cabinet Furniture in all its various branches, in the brick building Main Street, opposite the old Missouri Bank. He flatters himself that by strict attention to business, and excellence of workmanship, he shall be able to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing—high and low post Bedsteads; Ward Robes, Tables, Bureaus, &c. &c. Persons wanting any of the above articles, or any others in his line, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

WANTED.—TWO JOURNEYMEN Cabinet Makers, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given.

June 5, 1834. ALBERT A. DOWNING.

SADDLE AND HARNESS WAREHOUSE.

Next door to Warburton & King's Main st., St. Louis. THE subscriber has received from N. York by late arrivals, and is continually receiving new supplies of Saddlery, comprising every kind and quality: which is offered wholesale and retail, at reduced prices, and on terms to suit customers. Among them are best common and plain men's Saddles, spring-seat, creole, spanish and boy's Saddles, ladies' Saddles of a variety of patterns, Saddle Bags, Carpet Bags, Bridles and Bridle Mountings; Martingales; Trunks; Coach and Gig Whips; Bits; Stirrups; Spurs; worsted, cotton and straining Webbs; English Moulding Harness Furniture; Hames; Collars, &c. Skirting, harness and top Leather; sheep and morocco Skins; coach, gig and dray Harness.

Also—An assortment of plated steel and brass Bits; Stirrups; Spurs, &c., of various patterns selected with great care.

The subscriber has also made arrangements to manufacture work of every kind in his line of business.

June 5. J. D. G. MANNY.

25 Bbls. No. 1 Mackerel, 10 do No. 2 do., 30 boxes fine Spanish Segars, 50 half do do do., 150 common do., 45 cases fur Hats, cheap, 50 bags Green Coffee, for sale by

BRAY & BAILEY.

Whiskey, 5 bbls rectified, a superior article just received and for sale by

June 6 '2 EADS & BUCHANAN.

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TREADWAY & ALBRIGHT,

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TERMS.

Daily Paper, - - - \$6,00

Weekly Paper, - - - \$2,50

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep—

As love's first whisper; breathed a prayer—

Her snow-white hands together prest,

Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,

The folded linen on her breast,

Just swelling with the charms it hid—

And from her long and flowing dress,

Escaped a bare and snowy foot,

Whose step upon the earth did press

Like a new snow-flake, white and mute—

And there, from slumber soft and warm,

Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,

She bowed that slight and matchless form,

And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God, if souls unsoiled as these

Need daily mercy from thy throne—

If she upon her bended knees,

Our loveliest and our purest one,

She, with a face so clear and bright,

We deem her some stray child of light—

If she with those soft eyes in tears,

Day after day in her young years,

Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,

What far, far deeper need have we!

How hardly, if she win not heaven,

Will our wild errors be forgiven!

MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE WYVILLES.

[Continued]

8.—George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Fred. Walsond.

Never can any man, my dear Fred, know what it is to be thoroughly miserable, till he is plagued with marriageable daughters and diling sons. I told you in my letter from this place, that I had set Tom to keep watch over young Travers and his sister. What the deuce do you think they have done? Why, blinded him, and I verily believe, worked him into a marriage. You will say, why not? I will tell you. Old Dobbs, the girl's uncle, is a queer, disagreeable, purse-proud old fellow, and put me into a rage with him the last time I saw him. I went over to speak to him about his nephew, who had been throwing sheep's eyes, as the saying is, at my Emily. He laughed and sneered, till I lost all patience, and told me, that if his nephew chose, he would run away with my girl in a month,—but he first of all said he would condescend to agree to the match, if I settled my whole estate on the bride! Did you ever hear of such a rascal!—And now what do you think his plan is? Why, to get my son to run away with his unportioned niece, in hopes, as my good friend Mr. Griper suggests, to put me into a passion with the boy, disinherit him, and settle all upon Miss Emily, who will by this time have been snapt up by young Travers, without so much as saying by your leave. Here's a plot! I would submit to a great deal if I could only spite the old man. But how to do it is the question. One way certainly is, to keep my girl out of young Travers's reach; and at the same time to resist my boy's marriage with his niece, till I have returned him tit for tat for the insult he offered to me, by promising to consent to the match, provided he settles every acre of Scarlock Hall upon the bride. This will be capital revenge; and I sincerely hope the old rogue's indignation will choke him.—All these plans have been put into my head by the pleasantest old fellow I ever met with. He is a prodigious victim to rheumatism, and is blind of an eye, over which he wears an enormous black patch. He lives constantly in one of those whirling sort of chairs they have here, and has been of great use to me. He recommends my going to Glemsworth to put my revenge on old Dobbs in execution; and he has promised, in the mean time, to be as watchful as a dragon over Miss Emily. So much for her. She is pretty safe, I conclude, for though the fellow has but one eye, by Jove, he is as clever as the old chap we used to read of that had a hundred. Now, what I want you to do, is to ascertain for me immediately, whether Harry Travers, as I hear by a letter from home, has gone on a visit to your neighborhood, to the house of a gentleman of the name of Sir Peregrine Potts, near Hartley. If so,

the game is our own. But old Griper suspects that his Devonshire visit is a hoax, and that in reality he is on the watch in Leamington.—Lose no time in letting me know. What could I have done without such an assistant as Griper! He is coming to me this autumn. You must make an effort to come and meet him. I am sure you will like him, he is so confoundedly satirical and sharp. But the chaise is at the door, and I must be off. Yours ever, sincerely,

G. W.

9.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

Oh, dear aunt Peggy, how you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you! Scarcely had papa been gone half an hour, when a message came to me in my bedroom, that a person requested to speak to me in the parlour. I went and saw a very elegant, handsome young man; and as I was hurrying out of the room again, thinking it was some unaccountable mistake, he rushed forward, calling me "Emily; sister Emily!" and when I looked again, I found it was my ever kind and affectionate brother! Was ever any thing so curious! It took a weight off my heart at once. I told him all the incidents of our stay here. He laughed immoderately at them all; and when I described my horror and detestation of the grim old gorgon who was set to watch me, his enjoyment of the joke, as he called it, became uncontrollable. I confess I felt greatly alarmed in spite of Tom's presence and protection, when at this moment I heard the chair of the watchful Mr. Griper creak, creaking along the passage. At last the door opened, and in, as usual, wheeled my tormentor.

"So! Miss Emily," who's this? You've lost no time, I see. Is this Mr. Travers come to disobey your father's injunctions already?"

My brother during all this address was nearly convulsed with laughter.

"Yes," he replied, "old gentleman, my name is Harry Travers, and I claim this young lady as my bride. What just cause or impediment can you advance to the contrary?"

"Only this," growled the invalid, "that I have a witness here who can swear that you are not the real Simon Pure. Come into court!"—and as he said this the door was pushed open, and Charlotte Travers rushed into my arms.

Whilst we were thus mutually embracing, and I wondering by what strange accident all this had come to pass, old Griper wrung his hands and tore his hair, as if he were distracted. But what was my horror, when my brother, walking up to him, said, "Come, old gentleman, to the right about! your absence is particularly requested!" and he actually proceeded to lay hands upon his chair. Then, with a shout of prodigious laughter, in which even Charlotte joined very heartily, old Griper tore off the patch from his eye, the grey grizzled wig from his head, leapt out of the chair, and in a moment was kneeling at my feet. 'Twas Harry Travers! Isn't this more like a scene in a play than in actual life? How he has been able all this time to disguise himself, I can't imagine. But what will papa and old Mr. Dobbs do! We are all in a great alarm about how they will bear this disappointment. My brother says our only safe plan is to put it out of their power to throw any obstacles in the way; and I think he has persuaded Charlotte to enter into his views.—Heigh ho! I have no spirits to write you at greater length. Harry evidently agrees with my brother, only he says he is afraid to hint at such a thing as a trip to the church to-morrow, in case old Griper makes any opposition. We can do nothing but laugh over the whole matter. Now that Charlotte is here, I never felt so happy in my life. I will write again to you soon.

Your dutiful niece,

EMILY.

10.—George Wyville, Esq. to Rev. Frederick Walsond.

They've done us, Fred, the young ones have done us completely. As to young Travers and Sir Peregrine Potts, take no trouble about that. I told you in my last what my plans were about old Dobbs. You shall hear how I sped.

On arriving at Glemsworth, and asking for Tom, he was no where to be seen. None of the people had seen him for two or three days, and couldn't even guess where he had betaken himself. I could, though; and made direct for Scarlock Hall. I made sure Mr. Dobbs had tried all he could to inveigle my son into a marriage with his niece, as I had been informed by my lame friend in his wheel-chair, and he hanged to him! so, brimful of anger, I walked into the library,—"Well Mr. Dobbs," I began, "pretty behaviour this of yours, wheeling my boy to take your niece off your hands."

"Ugg, ugg! this is too much of a joke, neighbor Wyville. Your coming to crow over me is most insulting, ugg, ugg!"

"To crow over you? what the devil do you mean, sir? Hasn't your niece run off with my son? Don't you expect, by that trick of yours, to get me to give my whole estate to my daughter, who is to be whipped up immediately by your precious nephew? No, no, old gentlemen, your plot's discovered; thanks to your friend and mine, Mr. Griper."

"Mr. Griper! ugg, ugg! I know no such person, ugg!"

"He knows you though, and that's quite enough. You shan't succeed, I promise you."

"Ugg, ugg! I don't understand what you're driving at. You tell me your son has run off with my niece. Let her go, ugg, ugg! I am ready to give up her fortune whenever her husband demands it, ugg, ugg!"

"Her fortune?" said I. "Why, I never heard a word of it."

"Ugg, ugg! very likely; ugg, ugg! If she had only told me of her intention I would have made a better bargain for her, that's all. But you and your son have beat me, ugg, ugg!"

"This was a perfect puzzle to me. 'Do you mean, Mr. Dobbs,' I said, 'to deny that you have hooked my boy into this match?'"

"Hooked, ugg, ugg!—into a match, with twenty thousand pounds, and no settlement! ugg, ugg!"

"Pray, Mr. Dobbs, are you acquainted with a very infirm old gentleman of the name of Griper?"

"Never heard of him, ugg, ugg! who is he?"

"Why, he has staid in the same house with me at Leamington for a fortnight. He said he knew you very well. I have left him in charge of Emily."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dobbs, "say you so, Mr. Wyville! You have conquered on one wing; see if I don't beat you on the other."

The old gentleman rang for his carriage, put four posters to it, offered me a seat, and off we set on our way to Leamington, moping and wondering, one in each corner of the carriage. Next day we thundered down the main street; and, on looking up, who should be gazing at us from the window of my own drawing room, but Master Tom and Miss Charlotte Travers.

I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry, more especially as I saw how vexed old Dobbs was. We hurried up stairs.

"Ah! Tom, you're a pretty fellow," I began; "playing such a trick; 'and as for you, Miss Charlotte!'"

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, "let me introduce you, Mrs. Wyville!"

"What! married! ugg, ugg! and not a word about settlements?" said Mr. Dobbs.

"Even so," replied young Hopeful. "Don't you think I've done exactly as you told me, father?"

"How?" said I.

"Why, spited the old gentleman—look at him."

"But where is my friend, Mr. Griper, all this time?" said I.

"Oh!" replied Tom, "old Griper will be here directly;" and at that moment in wheeled the old invalid in his chair.

"How's this, Mr. Griper!" I cried, "where's your ward? This is your friend, Mr. Dobbs; you don't seem to recognise him."

"Ugg, ugg! never saw the gentleman in the whole course of my life."

"Don't say so," replied Mr. Griper, snuffing even more than usual. "Didn't you boast to my friend, Mr. Wyville here, that your nephew, young Travers, would marry his daughter within a month?"

"I did, ugg, ugg!"

"Without a settlement?"

"Yes."

"To spite her father?"

"Yes."

"Then, dear uncle!" cried Mr. Griper, jumping out of his chair, and throwing off his disguise, "'tis done to your heart's desire, and here comes Mrs. Henry Travers to answer for herself."

The laugh was now turned against me; and old Dobbs, after enjoying his triumph for a while, held out his hand to me and said, "Ugg, ugg! couple of old fools, neighbor Wyville; least said soonest mended; let us all home again as soon as we can, and since we can't make our children wretched merely for the fun of tormenting one another, why, I say, ugg, ugg—let us make them as happy as we can."

Now, Fred, be a good boy, leave Hartley for a week or two, and join us during our rejoicings. Bring my god-daughter Jane with you; and believe me yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE WYVILLE.